

A

# REVIEW

OF THE

# STATE

OF THE

# BRITISH NATION.

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Tuesday, August 8. 1710.

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I Gave you in my last, a short History of the Turns and Returns, Comings and Goings, Visits and Departings, that *Coy Nice* Gentlewoman call'd C R E D I T, had made among us, for some Ages past: I brought her over with King *William* at the Revolution, and I left her in my Lord T——r's keeping, under our present Government.

I am no Writer of Panegyrick, else I could enlarge here upon the especial Treatment *this useful Lady* has met with from his Lordship; how she has found such Entertainment, that she never liv'd with such Splendor, in such Ease, or arriv'd to so high a degree of Honour in her whole Life,

neither in this Nation, nor in any part of the World, as she has at this time in *Britain*. She came over a little dejected, and she liv'd here in King *William*'s time in but a mean Condition; indeed she stay'd here but in meer respect to the Person and Veracity of the King——For she far'd but Courly, went in Rags, began to be out at Heels, and look'd very shabby; but my Lord T——r has bought her new Cloaths, dress'd her up like a Princess—And now she is as Gay and as Bright as ever she was, and is become the whole Nation's Mistress.

Long may she be so; for inestimable have been the Blessings of her stay here while

While like the Ark of God in the House of  
 ... the whole Nation, has been prosper'd for  
 her sake; by her Assistance, the whole  
 Face of our Affairs have been chang'd;  
 the Efforts we have made in the War, have  
 been Miracles; the wisest Man in the World  
 could not have suggested it possible, *Eng-  
 land* should have done, what by her help  
 we have done; — We have paid Year-  
 ly more Money than is suppos'd to be in  
 the whole Nation; we have found more  
 Funds than were ever heard of, and brought  
 in Loans upon every Fund — The  
 more we have run in Debt, the more we  
 have advanc'd our Credit — And instead  
 of seeking to borrow, we have been sought  
 to by all People, for leave to lend —  
 The more Money we have borrow'd, the  
 lower Interest we have paid; and instead  
 of giving *Premio's* for Advance, the Lenders  
 have given *Premio's* to get in — While  
 other Governments have been in danger of  
 Mobbs and Rabbles, to get their Money  
 from them, and Mint-Bills have run in  
*France*, at 60 per Cent. Discount; our  
 Banks and Exchequer have been almost  
 Mob'd to get at them, the People Fight,  
 and Tread upon one another, to get at  
 Books to Subscribe, and at the Clerks to  
 pay in, and Bribes are given to have their  
 Money taken off their Hands — And  
 what is the Reason of it? — 'Tis all  
 CREDIT, she sits upon the Door of the  
 Bank, and waits at the Levee of my Lord  
*Treasurer*; she dwells in the Exchequer,  
 and has her Rich Appartment in the Of-  
 fices of every Fund; she shews her Face at  
 every Call, and her Image is stamp'd up-  
 on every Fund; my Lord *A* — x (one  
 of her especial Favourites) Stamps her  
 Beautiful Countenance upon the Exche-  
 quer Bills — The Directors of the Bank,  
 her Menial Servants, have her Warrant,  
 and act by her Commission; she Seals all  
 their Specie-Bills, Signs all their Current  
 Notes, and in short, all the Money-Busi-  
 ness in the Nation, is done in her Name.

And what is the effect of her Favour,  
 thus openly dispens'd to us, let us look  
 round a little; every Fund you raise, every  
 Lottery you set up, every Tax you settle,

she blows her Trumpet for you, sends over  
 her Messengers to *Holland*, to *Hambro'*, nay  
 to *France* itself, and tells all the Money'd  
 Men, they may depend upon her, she has  
 given her Word, that here they may ven-  
 ture their Money, and be safe.

It is now seven Year that she has liv'd  
 here, in this glorious posture; you never  
 met her, but she was always Smiling and  
 Pleased, Gay and in Humour — Her  
 walk was daily between the Bank and the  
 Exchequer, and between the Exchange  
 and the Treasury; she went always Unveil'd,  
 dress'd like a Bride; innumerable were her  
 Attendants, and a general Joy shew'd it-  
 self upon the Faces of all People, when  
 they saw her; for the whole World was  
 pleas'd with her Company: — She  
 was a Chearing to our Spirits; under the  
 Weight of a Terrible War, a Support to  
 our Hopes, under general Interruptions  
 of Commerce: Her Musick Charm'd us,  
 and like *David's* Harp, drove all the Hy-  
 pocondriack Vapours (for *Saul's* Devil was  
 nothing else) from the Nations spleen;  
 not *Orpheus's* Harp Charm'd the Brute, *Sy-  
 rens* Voice the *Phanician* Sailors, *Hugh's*  
*my Lady* . . . . or *Margarett's* my Lord  
*N* . . . . as she Charm'd us all, with the  
 Harmony of her Voice — Her Sound  
 reach'd Foreign Nations, and affected the  
 nicest Articles of their Politicks, Friends  
 Courted us, Enemies fear'd us; and all for  
 her sake: She made Nations Confederate  
 with us, Confederates depend upon us,  
 Neighbours envy us, remotest Nations seek  
 us, and all the World wonder at us —  
 She brought back the Duke of *Savoy* to  
 us, restor'd the King of *P* — gal to us,  
 sent over the King of *Spain* to us —  
 and (had we us'd her well) she would have  
 brought down the King of *France* for us.

Happy were our Days, and glad our  
 Hearts, when she dwelt thus cheerfully a-  
 mong us; and when she own'd her design  
 of continuing with us — But well-a-  
 Day! and alas! What ails us now? Every  
 Man looks upon his Neighbour, Disorder  
 and Discouragements dwell upon the  
 Countenance of our Affairs; Trade has  
 got the Staggers; the publick Peace is  
 struck



struck with a *Quotidian*, Private Business suffers a *Paralytick Numbness*, the Publick an *Erratick Favour* — The Nation's Blood stagnates, Circulation is interrupted — The Head is attack'd with delirious Vapours, ascending from the Stomach, which gives it no rest, and the Body feels innumerable Convulsions — What is the Matter? *The Case is short*, the Matter of Fact is thus.

CREDIT walking harmlessly about her Business as usual, one Day about the Month of April last, met with Dr. *Sacheverell's* Mob, going to pull down the Meeting-Houses to preserve the Peace, the Bank to help Trade, and raising Tumults to defend Non-Resistance — The surprize was very great upon her, you may be sure (for Credit had always a kind of Honour for Rabble, Tumults, and all kind of National Distractions.)

The Surprize I say was very great upon her, inasmuch that it threw her INTO FITS — She was taken up indeed by some of the Nation's Friends, and carried safe Home to her Lodging, in the *Exchequer*, but she remain'd as Dead for some time — 'Till her Majesty sensible of the Affront, express'd her Royal Resentment at the Injury, and Publish'd a Proclamation against the said Tumults, for her Satisfaction — Upon this she reviv'd a little, and recover'd so far, as to receive the Visits and Compliments of her Patron, my Lord T — r, her Friends the Members of Parliament, and her own Servants, the Officers of the *Exchequer*, and the Bank.

Tho' this was a great shock to her, and the Wound made in her Health by it, sunk very deep; yet these Remedies, I say, being applied, she mended after it, and began to give us hopes of her perfect Recovery, nay once or twice, she went abroad after it, tho' always Veil'd and Incog. — However she began to Act Vigorously, and first she demanded Justice on the Rioters, declaring, *that while the Authors of a Tumult*, which had it not been prevented, had pull'd her House (the Bank) about her Ears, were unpunish'd, she could never believe herself safe — Nor would so much as think of staying here.

Her Request was judg'd so reasonable, that a Commission, of *Oyer and Terminer* was granted by her Majesty, to try the Villains, that had thus insulted her, and they were found Guilty: And tho' she has not yet receiv'd the satisfaction, of seeing the Sentence Executed upon them, yet by that Sentence the Injury is acknowledg'd, and her Honour so far Repair'd; and no doubt if the Petitions for it, she may have Justice done upon the Criminals, when she pleases,

But the publick Divisions since this, increasing, has very unhappily endanger'd her again, and she is fallen into a Relapse — She has for some time kept her Chamber, and as I am told, her Distemper is turn'd into the *Falling-Sickness*. — God knows what will be the Issue, for it is a very sickly Time in the City, and there is no small danger in the Disease,

It cannot but be a Satisfaction to the Reader, I know, to give a particular Account, of the Causes of this Relapse, and the Degrees of it; and after that, I shall let you see the Effects her Distemper has upon Affairs, both Abroad and at Home; and what fatal Things we have Reason to Apprehend, in Case this Sickness of Credit, should prove Mortal; and perhaps in doing this, I may bring my Allegory to speak English.

In the mean time, I must take the Liberty to tell you all, that it is certainly the most Impolitic part in the World, in us, to use a Lady of such Quality, and Qualities, in such a rude manner; and if she should take a final leave of us before the Peace with France is happily concluded, you may have Cause to repent it, as long as Britain is an Island. — Then you may send Armies, and Generals, and Plenipotentiaries Abroad, as often as you will; fit out Fleets, and talk big, but neither Friends will value you, Enemies fear you, or any Body regard you — Without this Lady's happy Assistance — The French will beat you without Fighting, make Peace with you without Treating, and end the War without seeking; your Allies will forsake you, your Armies won't Fight for you, nor your Baecica talk with you —



Nor is it ever to be Retriev'd, if she be once Disoblig'd; no Entreaties will bring her back again, she values no more Proclamations, Royal Speeches, or Acts of Parliament, than she values empty Words; no Funds will fetch her, large Interests won't tempt her, vast Masses of Money will not allure her, *Witness Spain*, who could never have her Company, tho' they had all the Mines of Gold and Silver, in *Mexico* and *Peru*—To this Day they are unacquainted with her, nor could a Fleet of Gallies Loaden with Wealth, ever persuade her to live among them.

Let no Man therefore, or Party of Men, flatter themselves, that they can either force her to stay, or fetch her back, if she be gone—Rather let us keep her here if possible, *while she is here*, tho' she Languishes, and is sick, yet what ever you do, keep her here—It would be the maddest thing in the World, to part with her; and they that venture it, upon a presumption of recalling her, are like a Man that run his Friend thorow, on purpose and for no other intent, but to Cure him again.

## ADVERTISEMENT S.



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